

# The Bee's Home Magazine Page

## Which Girl Would You Choose?

An Easy Answer to a Difficult Question

By DOROTHY DIX.

A young man writes me that he is in a terrible dilemma. He doesn't know which of two girls to ask to marry. Both are nice, sweet, pretty girls, but one of the girls is just a doll baby, while the other is a hustler.



He says that if you'll give one of the girls a few yards of cloth she can make the prettiest trimmest dress you ever saw, and that she can go into the kitchen and before you can say Jack Robinson she can cook a delicious dinner, while the other girl can't sew on a button, or boil water without scorching it.

And yet he doesn't know which one of these girls to pick out for a wife. It doesn't seem to me that any man, above the grade of an imbecile, would have any difficulty in deciding between these ladies. It's the difference between helplessness and helpfulness, between a live wire and a dead weight; between a booster and a millstone about your neck; between comfort and discomfort; between success in life and failure.

That's the difference between marrying a girl who is some account and one who is no account, and it's up to every man to take his choice.

Consider it in this way, son. If you were going into a business in which you had every dollar you had in the world invested, and in which your every hope and ambition were bound up, and you were going to take a partner in under a contract that would last as long as you lived, what sort of a partner would you select?

Would you pick out a man whom you knew to be energetic, and industrious, and capable, and perfectly competent to carry on his department of the business without bothering you about it? Or would you choose a good looking chap who combed his hair the way you liked, but who had never done a day's work in his life, and who was absolutely shiftless and irresponsible, and who didn't know the first blessed thing about the work you would have a right to expect him to perform?

We all know, without waiting for your answer, which of these two men you would grab as a partner. You would take the competent man every time. Well, son, all that marriage is is a partnership. It's a man and woman pooling their capital, and going into business together, and whether the firm succeeds or fails depends just as much upon the woman's industry and ability to do her part of the work as it does upon the man's.

You never saw a business succeed where one of the partners was loafing around all the time and drawing out more than his share of the profits. Neither did you ever see a marriage succeed where the wife was idle, and lazy, and extravagant, and where it took all the man could make to pay other people to do the things she should have done.

Of course, if a man in a no-account wife, just as he can afford to keep a yacht, or buy peachblow vases for parlor ornaments, but heaven help the poor man who is fool enough to invest his all in such a useless piece of bric-a-brac. Before marriage it may seem very cute and cunning to a man for a girl to be so ignorant that she doesn't know whether to order a whole lamb or a half one for dinner, or whether you cook an egg three hours, or three minutes, but, believe me, he won't see anything cute or cunning after marriage in bills that bankrupt him, or meals that would give an ostrich chronic dyspepsia.

Also before marriage the little, soft, white hands that have never had a needle prick on their fingers, or a callous place on their palms, may seem to a man to be the most kissable hands in the world, but he won't kiss them after marriage when he has to live in a house like a pig sty, and work over hours to pay seamstresses for doing the family mending.

None of us admire incompetence long when it stands in the way of our own comfort and prosperity, and the man who marries a woman who doesn't do her part of the work of making a thrifty and pleasant home pretty soon comes to the place where he entertains for her the same sort of contempt that he does for a business partner who lies down on his end of the job.

Therefore, I say to any young man who is thinking of getting married, to choose his wife by the same standard that he would choose a business partner. Pick out a girl who knows how to work, and who isn't afraid to do it. She will make you a wife who will boost you up the ladder of success. She will conserve your health, your temper and your strength, and be a blessing to you all your days.

On the other hand a lazy, idle, shiftless girl who shies at the sewing machine, and balks at the gas range, will handicap as a wife that will prevent you from ever winning the race. If you marry her you will spend your life toiling to pay dressmakers and milliners, you will come to haunt intelligence offices for servants, and you will waste your strength, that you should give to your business, in walking babies, and cooking meals, and making beds, and doing the household work that your wife should have done.

Lack of energy in a woman is just as bad as lack of energy in a man, and it's just as shameful a thing for a woman not to be competent in her business as it is for a man not to be competent in his.

Marry a girl who is some account, son, and you'll get a some account wife. Take the girl who knows how to cook and sew if you want to be happy.

## Imitation Is the Sincerest Flattery :--: By Nell Brinkley

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The little chap with the short legs stretches them mightily to match them to the length stride of his dad, whose hand he clutches in deep love and admiration. And he tucks in his small chin, puffs up his hard little chest and longs his face soberly in a pretty struggle to look as much as possible like the man of his heart! The poor girl offers tribute to the girl with the diamond and platinum purse that is always fat when she wraps her small throat round with rabbit fur, striving to picture the ermine at the throat of the other! The little mother with the heart of gold puts in tiny stitches, and snips and plans cunningly by night lamps to give her small girl in high school a humbler duplicate of the same frock her richer friend wears. The tiny maid with the old apron, the apple cheeks (there's some-

thing she has that you have not), and the raggedy dog, with the one ear in full sail and the long, swiping tail that no one had the fashionable heart to bob, prances and minces with her brows up and her toes turned in behind the chic young person in the park, going abroad to chinchilla and velvet with her great Russian wolf-hound pacing beside—looks very much like her!

Here is tribute! Incessant swung faithfully and with a worshipful heart—to see that you appreciate it—Daddy with the valliant trudge by your side—girl with the unfailing purse and the ermine collar—little maid in school who may have your frocks from the best shops—and purple-born young woman whose dog and gown are a delight to the eye!—NELL BRINKLEY.

## Advice to Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Bunch of Questions.

Dear Miss Fairfax: First—As there is soon to be a baby shower perhaps you would suggest some dainty or pretty present to be given to the baby. Second—Will you please tell me the best way to clean white furs? I have cleaned them several times with gasoline, but it is hard to dust out. Third—Do you think, as I am 19 years old, that I am old enough to marry?

The condition and needs of the family are important factors in deciding question No. 1. If poor or in moderate circumstances something useful, particularly a little nicer than the parties themselves, would be likely to buy, would be appropriate. Anything too expensive would be out of place, however, unless the family of the recipient was affluent. Better consult others who are to contribute and not overload the little one with too many duplicates. Not able to answer No. 2. Many happy marriages have been contracted at your age, but as a rule it is far better to wait until the habits and ideals of both parties have become a little more firmly fixed.

Your True Happiness.

Dear Miss Fairfax: When I was 17 I eloped, and after spending two years with my husband I became discontented and returned home. It was necessary for him to live in the country, and as I had been brought up in New York I missed the theaters and other places of amusement.

I am now studying for the stage, at which work my teachers tell me I will be successful. However, I often feel that I could be happier if I were with my husband, although I am sure that I do not love him as a wife should. He wishes me to come back and my parents wish it also. Should I return to him?

DISCONTENTED.

I believe you could find the greater happiness at the side of the man you married. The loneliness you feel in the country is by no means so great as that you may know out in the world when you have only your work to console you and no one with whom you really care and first, as evidently you still do with the man who cares for you even after your desertion of him.

Have an Understanding.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am 23 and I have been going about with a young man for six months. He has asked me to be engaged for nearly four years. He does not keep all appointments with me and I know he will do better, a truer fiancée. Is he worth worrying over or shall I give him up. ANNA W.

Your situation is a sad one and one that unfortunately is not very unusual. You would probably be happier if you could get up your courage to have a plain talk with the young man. The uncertainty of your situation is what makes you unhappy. Once you knew you had to give him up I am sure you would find the courage to do so. Don't permit this situation to drag along. You must either trust the man absolutely or come to an understanding with him.

Don't Be Hasty.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I am married two years and have a baby boy 4 months old. My husband is very jealous. He has no reason to be, however, because I don't give him reason to. He always quarrels with me, and I don't like to quarrel with him. He says he will do better, but it is better for a day or two and then it is the same thing over again. I have folks, but I hate to leave because we have the baby. It's just impossible to live with him. He will not let me go down town without him, and he will not let me, not even to see my folks, who live just about a couple of blocks from us. He says he can't trust me. I am 23 years old. Please tell me what to do. Thanking you in advance. M. D. K.

Possibly some things, innocent in themselves, cause his jealousy. Search your conduct for such and if found remove the cause. Breaking up a home into which a little one has come is a serious matter and every possible means of removing disagreements should be first tried, even though life is robbed of much of its pleasure. Separation should be a last resort and much borne with before it is resorted to in such a case.

Yes, if Question Justifies.

Dear Miss Fairfax: I would like to ask your advice on a certain matter, but do not want my letter to appear in print. Do you give such advice without printing the letter asking for it. ANXIOUS READER.

## Grey Satin Coat with Taupe Wolf



Taupe wolf trims a coat of dull gray satin, suitable for day or evening wear. From Stern Brothers, West Forty-second street.

The separate coat of main bids fair to supersede the velvet model. Its sponsors claim that it has more distinction, velvet having been very generally pressed into service for all manner of garments since the beginning of the season.

One of the latest ideas indicates the satin coat made in three-quarter length, the skirt very wide through the hem and bordered with taupe wolf—an imitation fox felt sometimes masquerading as such. Nevertheless, it is sufficiently beautiful in itself to suit under its own colors, since worthy imitations are now preferred to inferior originals.

A feature of the model is the semi-fitted waistline and the strap-belt of the satin. Collar and cuffs are of the fur.

## The Greatest Gift in the World—The Passing Hours, Which Are Either Slaves or Masters

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

It is with time that we buy all the good that comes to us in the world! It is by a wise use of time that we get wisdom and riches and happiness and love and health. And the only reckless spendthrift in all the world is the man or woman who wastes and squanders time.

The only thing in the world that is freely and without handicap the possession of us all is time. Every day every one of us has all there is. Every day each of us has precious hours and minutes and seconds to spend—and the freedom of choice as to how we will spend them.

And if at the end of the day you measure nothing but waste on the credit side of your ledger—that marks the one and only absolute waste. A broken friendship may be renewed, a lost fortune may be retrieved, a wast city may be rebuilt. There is nothing final about most loss in the world. But at set of sun the day is gone—it will never come again—it is over. That is an awe-inspiring thought and a true one.

There is plenty of time in the world—but none to throw away. Life is for work and patient attempt to understand and accomplish. Idleness, grieving, regret, useless pleasure-seeking, gossip—all these are inefficient thefts from your own treasure of hours. You deduct them from the grand total of your own life. The day is yours—yours fully and freely. What will you do with it?

Life is for work and growth, for kindness and love. If at the end of every twenty-four hours you have actually done something on which you can look and say, "It is mine, and it is good," you have made a worth-while use of your time. Work doesn't necessarily march along steadily at one job—it takes in interruptions and deviations from the course you have mapped out

for yourself. It isn't the plan that counts. It is the effort and growth and ability.

Suppose you start out one day with a definite idea of cleaning your china closet and silverware. A message comes from a sick friend who longs to have you come and read to her. If you go with a feeling of irritation because your scheme for the day has been interfered with, if you do the particular thing which lies before you cheerfully and amiably, your day is not wasted. The actual scheme of things is much bigger than you and your personal designs. It takes in more than your little one woman perspective permits you to see.

In reading to a sick friend there is cheer and comfort for her and growth and usefulness for you, and for both of you the chance of knowledge to be gained. Your time wasn't wasted at all—

it was simply spent differently from what you intended. There lies the distinction and the difference.

Every day a mental inventory ought to be taken. At nightfall ask yourself questions like these: Have I grown today? Have I given something to life and learned something from it? Have I actually used my time to advantage? Have I the right to a warm feeling of contentment over my accomplishments for the day? Or have I frittered my time away idly and uselessly, seeking amusement and diversion—"killing time"? The thirst for amusement grows in proportion to your placid indulgence of it. If you get to a state of feverish unrest, or your one desire is to go dashing about madly seeking all sorts of forms of idle amusement that appeal to the surface of your consciousness only, you are wasting your time badly.

To be taken out of yourself at the end

of a hard day's work through amusement is a very sane proceeding. If you have been teaching a class of geometry all day long, and have arrived at the state of nervous tension where you are likely to lie all night on a sleepless couch, figuring out squares of hypothenuses and radii of circles, you are on your way to a scholarly waste of time which ought to be spent in the recuperation of slumber. And so a little harmless diversion that will rest your tired mind isn't a waste of time at all. It is a prime necessity of your being.

Nothing constructive, nothing that builds up your life and that of those with whom you come in contact can be wasteful. Seize upon work, ask up your mind that it occupies your mind, your body, your heart and your soul. Be sure that it is individual and suitable, that it is legitimate and vital. Gather in all its opportunities with a feeling that it is an imperishable part of life, do it thoroughly and well.

Turn your attention to your family relationships. See that you are being fair to them and in them. Make sure that your ambitions are not overshadowing your affections. Give your attention to the tenderness you owe to your friends and to all who love you. See to it that the common duties of your life are being attended to. Study your own talents and develop them to the utmost of your ability. Do your duty by your friends. Bear your sorrows bravely and unflinchingly and with a background of feeling that they will work out for your ultimate good.

When to all these things and the tasks and requirements they bring in their train you have given your attention, make sure your time will not be wasted. Your days will be full with constructive matters, and for the destructive forces of idleness and grieving and unkindness and malice and useless pleasures there will be neither thought nor opportunity.

## Storm Centers

By JANE McLEAN.

A wide sea waste, with lowering clouds Sweeping above the roll of foam—  
Pale rain-clouds clad in misty shrouds;  
A ship at sea, sails spread for home,  
And rain, wind-maddened, shivering by  
Till westward gleams the first clear sky.

Long lashes cast discreetly low;  
The quivering of a tender chain;  
Rose-color in a wavering glow  
Glimpsing the tide that swells within—  
Till, with the tears that quickly dry,  
Eyes misty still, the storm sweeps by.

## Resinol Soap will restore your skin

Resinol Soap is not only usually cleansing and softening, but its regular use gives to the skin and hair that natural beauty of perfect health which even the best of cosmetics can only imitate. Pimples, redness and roughness disappear, and in a very short time the complexion becomes clear, fresh and velvety.

Physicians have prescribed for years, in Resinol Ointment, in the care of skin and scalp troubles. If the skin is in bad condition through neglect or an unwise use of cosmetics, apply a little Resinol Ointment and let it remain on ten minutes before washing with Resinol Soap.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial size cake and miniature box of Resinol Ointment, write Dept. 24-2, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

## REMARKABLE CASE of Mrs. HAM

Declares Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Saved Her Life and Sanity.

Shamrock, Mo.—"I feel it my duty to tell the public the condition of my health before using your medicine. I had falling, inflammation and congestion, female weakness, pains in both sides, backaches and bearing down pains, was short of memory, nervous, impatient, passed sleepless nights, and had neither strength nor energy. There was always a fear and dread in my mind, I had cold, nervous, weak spells, hot flashes over my body. I had a place in my right side that was so sore that I could hardly bear the weight of my clothes. I tried medicines and doctors, but they did me little good, and I never expected to get out again. I got Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier, and I certainly would have been in grave or in an asylum if your medicines had not saved me. But now I can work all day, sleep well at night, eat anything I want, have no hot flashes or weak, nervous spells. All pains, aches, fears and dreads are gone, my house, children and husband are no longer neglected, as I am almost entirely free of the bad symptoms I had before taking your remedies, and all in pleasure and happiness in my home."

Mrs. JOSIE HAM, R. F. D. 1, Box 22, Shamrock, Missouri.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass.